

Once upon a time there lived a shepherd boy. He lived in the hills. His job was to take care of the sheep and protect them from wolves. He sat up in the hills all day long. At times he became very lonely. He did not see any people up in the hills. He never saw any wolves. The sheep took care of themselves. They grazed on the hillside. The little shepherd just watched over the sheep and played his harp.

One day the boy wanted to play a trick. He cried, "Help me, please! Come quickly! There is a wolf after my sheep!" People from the village threw down their tools. The men and women ran up the hillside to help the shepherd boy. They soon saw the shepherd boy lying on the ground. The villagers bent over him. The boy was laughing. "Ha, ha, ha! I played a trick on you. There is no wolf. I was just teasing you."

The people from the village were not laughing. They were very angry with the little boy. They told the boy never to do that again. "You should not cry wolf. It was a mean trick." said the people from the village.

The little shepherd boy just laughed. He was not worried. Many weeks passed. The little shepherd boy just watched the sheep and played his harp. Soon he decided to play the same trick on the people. He cried in a loud voice, "Wolf! There is a wolf after my sheep! Someone come! Help me, please. Help me save my sheep!" The people of the village believed the little boy. They ran up the hillside and found the little shepherd boy. Again he was laughing and rolling on the ground. He said that he had played a trick on the people. The people were very angry. They had been fooled again!

One day the boy heard the sheep bleating. They seemed upset and were scooted restlessly across the field. The boy became scared because his sheep did not usually do this. Soon he saw why the sheep were running. There was a wolf! He yelled! He yelled for the people of the village to come and help him chase the wolf away. The people heard him but they did not come. They thought it was just another trick. The boy cried and cried. The wolf began to eat his sheep. Finally he was full and went away. The boy cried and cried. He saw that his poor little sheep had been eaten. He knew it was his own fault. He should never have cried wolf just to trick the people of the village. He was very sorry.

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